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THE 'SQUIB'

OR

SEARCHFOOT:

by Miguel de Cervantes.

AN UNEDITED LITTLE WORK WHICH MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA WROTE IN DEFENCE OF THE FIRST PART OF THE QUIJOTE.

PUBLISHED BY

DON ADOLFO DE CASTRO,

AT CADIZ, 1847.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL SPANISH

BY

A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE translation of 'El Buscapié,' here submitted to the public, was executed at Cadiz this spring. Want of leisure and other causes into which it is unnecessary to enter, prevented its going to the press some months ago. A few days since I received a letter from the only person to whom I had as yet shewn my manuscript, informing me that he had seen in *Bentley's Miscellany* for August, 1848, a notice of a version of 'El Buscapié,' executed by Thomasina Ross. This made me think of abandoning my design and leaving the field open to the '*fair*' writer. However, on reading the portion of her translation given in *Bentley*, I found it to be a sadly mutilated version of Cervantes's work, and so full of faults, that I at once determined on publishing my own production.

To cite numerous passages from Thomasina Ross's work to prove that the censure I

have passed on it is not undeserved, would be an easy, though by no means an agreeable task: I shall merely give one specimen, in order that the Spanish scholar may see that there is just ground of complaint:

'Siempre en todas las mas bravas armas y escavamuzas que se daban á los enemigos, era de los que mas tarde embestian y de los que mas presto se retiraban.'—(Cervantes.)

'He served in the war in Flanders, *where* he fought in all the hottest battles and skirmishes.'—(Thomasina Ross.)

That my translation has numerous faults I am fully conscious; nevertheless, I trust that the reader will excuse many of them, when he considers the antiquated style in which 'El Buscapié' is written, and the difficulty which *Spaniards* of the present day find in the works of their immortal Cervantes.

MARINE TERRACE, PENZANCE,
Sept. 27, 1848.

SPANISH EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE manuscript of the Squib or Searchfoot (*El Buscapié*), which chance has placed in my hands, is of the handwriting of the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, and bears this title:

'The very witty little book called Squib or Searchfoot, wherein, besides its great and excellent learning, are declared all those latent matters not declared in the clever gentleman Don Quijote de la Mancha, which one de Cervantes Saavedra composed.'

And these words appear immediately after, written in his own hand:

'Copied from another copy in the year 1606, at Madrid, on the 27th of February of the said year. For Señor Agustin de Argote, son of the most noble Lord (may he be in holy glory!) Gonzalo Zatieco de Molina, a gentleman of Seville.'

Afterwards we read the following, appa-

rently in the handwriting of the beginning of the eighteenth century:

'Of the books of the Lord Duke of Lafões,'—a Portuguese title. How the manuscript passed out of this gentleman's library, and how it came to Spain, I know not. The way in which it has come to my possession is as follows. Within the last three months there were brought from the city of San Fernando to Cadiz many books for public sale, which had belonged to a barrister named Don Pascual de Gándava, a man of research, (*hombre curioso*), though not of very fine literary taste, as his library proved, in which, among very old editions of the holy Fathers, and of the authors of Greek and Latin antiquity, and of those who wrote in the golden age of literature in Spain, there was a large number of Jesuitical works, lives of saints, treatises on theology, and other books, all written in the seventeenth century, and in which there is a compendium of all that the extravagance of some men, who seemed to be abandoned by the sciences, and even by reason, could invent. Among these, then,

I found the manuscript of Cervantes's 'Squib.'

D. Vicente de los Rios, in the life of this writer, says as follows:

'Knowing that the "Quijote" was read by those who understood it not, and that they who could understand did not read it, he endeavoured to excite the attention of all, by publishing 'the Squib.' In this little work, which was printed anonymously, and is extremely scarce, he made an evident and clever criticism on the "Quijote," insinuating that it was a fine and gentle (*paliada*) satire on various well-known persons, and those of high rank too; but without discovering or even pointing out any one of them by the slightest indications—a criticism very discreetly managed, whereby he gave so much credit and reputation to the "Quijote," and stirred up the credulity of the public to such a degree, that all emulously sought and read it, in hopes of clearly discovering by its perusal the objects of the satire at whom 'the Squib' glanced.'

It is likewise said that in this little book Cervantes ridiculed the emperor Charles the

Fifth, and the Duke of Lerma, a favourite of Philip the Third, and that the Quijote was a satire directed against them.

But this is false. Cervantes, with few exceptions, never pointed out any person in his satirical writings. He himself says, in his journey to Parnassus:

'Never hath my humble pen flown
Through region satiric, meanness
Which to low rewards and mishaps leadeth.'

Cervantes was not like Count Villamediana, the author of so many burlesque verses against the Duke of Lerma, friar Luis de Aliaga, and the Count Duke of Olivares,—a man in short who did not even respect misfortune; for the very day on which Lerma fell from favour, and the latter put on the cardinal's purple, he (Villamediana) set up a pasquinade in the streets of the Court*, in which were read these verses:

'Not to die of strangulation,
The greatest robber in Spain
Did dress himself in red.'

—satires for which he ultimately forfeited his

* It is very common in Spain to call Madrid 'the Court.'

life, although some attribute this event to other causes.

Cervantes was not like Quevedo, who dared send Philip the Fourth that gloss on the *Pater Noster* which commences thus:

'Philip, whom the world proclaimeth
king by infidel dreaded,
awake, for as one asleep
no one loveth nor feareth thee.
Awake, O king! for fame
in all the world proclaimeth
that of a lion is thy crown,
and of a dormouse is thy sleep.
Look how flattery
with sinister design calleth thee
OUR FATHER.'

A work which cost him the loss of his liberty for some years, and caused him to be reduced to the narrow limits of a dungeon.

If Cervantes never wrote against particular persons, how should he have directed his D. Quijote against the memory of Charles the Fifth, whom he so much eulogises in nearly all his writings; or against the Duke of Lerma, who then had the entire confidence of Philip the Third?

This is one of those ideas which have no more foundation than public opinion.

Besides, Cervantes had no need to call the attention of Spaniards to his immortal work. In the same year that the 'Quijote' came forth for the first time to the public light, other editions were made: a clear proof that this book was not underrated, as people say; and consequently that it were useless to publish the 'Squib' for this object.

But the 'Squib' is not what they have told us. The 'Squib' is a defence of the 'Quijote' against the censures which many persons of reputed learning aimed at this work.

Cervantes, in the first part of the 'Quijote,' anticipated the censure which they might possibly pass on him for having painted a man so mad, that, believing the acts of knights-errant to be real, he had gone out into the world in pursuit of adventures, (see the 49th chapter); opposing to the arguments which the canon brought before him, the Spanish warriors who practised themselves in the exercise of knight-errantry.

But all was in vain, for there were many detractors of the work. Cervantes would censure one of these in the person of that

clergyman whom he introduces in the second part of the 'Quijote,' when he says: 'The clergyman who heard speak of giants, rogues, and enchantments, reckoned that that must be D. Quijote de la Mancha, whose history the Duke was in the habit of reading, and he had often reproved him for so doing, telling him it was nonsense to read such nonsense; and satisfying himself of the truth of his suspicions, he said to the Duke, speaking to him with great warmth: "Your Excellency my Lord must give account to our Lord for the actions of this good man. This D. Quijote, or Don Fool, or what d'ye call him, is not such a simpleton as your Excellency would have him to be, while you give him fit opportunities of carrying on his absurdities and simplicities;" and, turning the conversation to D. Quijote, he said to him: "And as for you, you snob*, who has crammed your brain that you are a knight-errant, and that you conquer

* The expression in the original is *alma de cantaro*, 'soul of a pitcher.' As the writer evidently used it as a term of reproach, we have ventured to render it 'snob.'

giants and capture highwaymen? Away in good hour, and in such be it said to you, Return to your home, and leave off roving about the world, swallowing wind, and making all who know or do not know you laugh. When and where have you discovered, that there ever were or now are knights-errant?"'

Persons are not wanting who say that this clergyman or monk (*religioso*), as Cervantes otherwise calls him, was friar Luis de Aliaga, then guest of the Duke of Béjar, and afterwards confessor of King Philip the Third; that this was an adventure which befel him, when Cervantes went to ask leave of the Duke to dedicate this book to him; and that from the results of this altercation Cervantes and Aliaga became bitter enemies. Aliaga, actuated by extraordinary envy, to revenge himself wrote and published the second part of the 'Quijote,' disguised with the name of 'the Licentiate Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda:' a circumstance which also gives corroboration to Aliaga's authorship of a little work printed, though without its real author's name, in the sixth volume of the *Semanario*

Erudito, which bears the title of 'Vengeance of the Spanish tongue against the author of the complex details by Don Juan Alonso de Laureles, Knight of the Habit, and upholder (*peon*) of customs, smooth and plain Arragonese and revolted Castilian.' In it he proposes Lope as a model, calling him Cisne, and throws in Quevedo's teeth his personal defects, such as his shortness of sight and the length of his feet. It is as graceless and ill-written a book as the Quijote which Aliaga published under the name of Avellaneda.

Cervantes, offended with the unjust censors of his book, wrote the same year in which the Quijote came to light, (1605,) a little work entitled Buscapié, which he intended to print, as appears from the approbations of Dr Gutierre de Cetina and Tomás Gracian Dantisco. But it did not obtain the honours of the press, for otherwise, in the following year 1606, a copy would not have been taken from another for Señor Agustin de Argote, eldest son of the famous Gonzalo Zatieco (or Argote) de Molina.

The work is Cervantes's; for its style pro-

claims it such, as well as the talent with which it is written. It is quite full of jests, and is one of those which do most honour to Spanish facetiousness; because it is also one of the best which has come from Cervantes's pen. The dialogue is excellent, and I know not whether I should say that it is even superior to that which Cervantes employed in any other of his writings.

Desirous, therefore, of drawing from oblivion this very precious little work, so much sought after by the literate, and thinking that it is one of those which confer most honour upon the name of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, and even upon Spanish literature, I have determined to publish it.

From the frequent allusions which he makes to events of his time, I have deemed it expedient to put to it many long notes—historical, critical, and bibliographical*. I have also divided it into paragraphs, that it may be

* Many of these notes would not interest the generality of English readers, and therefore will be suppressed, some will be considerably abridged, and a few given entire or nearly so.

more agreeable to read; for it was in one only.

The very learned Spanish philologist Don Bartolomé José Gallardo, speaking of another work of Cervantes, which has also been published in the present century, says: 'It is sufficient to have eyes in the face to recognise the hand of this great painter of nature in the most careless stroke of his lively pencil. With what lines could those of Apelles be confounded? Nothing then is wanting to prove that Cervantes drew this moral picture of human weakness,—the CERVANTES *fecit.*'

We may say the same of the 'Squib.' Besides the common opinion that Cervantes was its author, he declares himself such throughout the work; and even though this declaration were wanting, his talent, his invention, his style, and his facetiousness are here so vividly apparent, that they cannot be hidden from any one, provided he has read any of this author's works, and especially his 'Sequel to Parnassus,' which is quite equal to this 'Sequel to the D. Quijote.'

THE VERY WITTY LITTLE BOOK

CALLED

'SQUIB' OR SEARCHFOOT,

WHEREIN,

BESIDES ITS GREAT AND EXCELLENT LEARNING,
ARE DECLARED ALL THOSE LATENT
MATTERS NOT DECLARED IN
THE CLEVER GENTLEMAN,

D. QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA,

WHICH ONE DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA COMPOSED.

APPROBATION.

BY command of the Lords of the Council I have seen 'the very witty little book, called "Squib," wherein, besides its great erudition and excellent doctrine, are declared those latent matters not declared in the clever gentleman, Don Quijote de la Mancha;' and considering it to be a book of much talent, and which may be read to the great advantage of those who have their brain full of a thousand follies and vanities, with which they are affected owing to books of chivalry; and further, that it contains nothing contrary to the faith and good customs, I think there can be no inconvenience in sending it to the press, and that licence may be given to Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, a resident at Valladolid, to that effect, as it will thus turn to the public good. Madrid, 27th of June, 1605.

DR GUTIERRE DE CETINA.

BY your Highness's command I have seen a little book, which its author has been pleased to name 'Squib,' in which are declared some latent matters in the 'first part of the clever gentleman, Don Quijote de La Mancha;' and say, that from the sweetness of its style, and the inoffensiveness of its wit, and excellence of its great learning, it will be useful and profitable to those who wish to banish from the world the vain reading of books of chivalry. And so I think, that with your Highness's good pleasure, the licence and privilege to print this book, for which its author asks, may be granted him: for I am sure that when it makes its appearance in public, it will obtain the good opinion of all. Dated at Valladolid, the 6th of August, 1606.

TOMÁS GRACIAN DANTISCO.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE READER.

DEARLY beloved reader, if by thy ill fortune thou be of rude understanding, (with permission be it said), and hast not eviscerated the things hidden in my clever Manchegan, the flower and mirror of all knight-errantry, read this 'Squib' or Search-foot. And if thou be not such, read it well; for it is not such an insipid and unprofitable book as to give thee disgust and peevishness: on the contrary, take my word for it, thou wilt receive from the reading of it all pleasure and contentment. And so God speed thee, and may He preserve thee from all the prefaces that daily assault thee, and give me patience to write more for thee. Farewell.

THE SQUIB OR SEARCHFOOT[1].

Wherein is related what happened to the author, when he was travelling to Toledo with a bachelor whom he chanced to meet.

WELL, as I was on my way to Toledo, a few yards from Toledo bridge, I saw coming right up to me a bachelor—a gentleman on a very ill-shaped pony, blind of one eye and unsound in the other, as well as in his feet, as far as might be inferred from the bobs which he made in his attempts to advance. He saluted me very gravely, and quite in bachelor style, and I did the same to him with nice courtesy[2]; the best of it was that he passed along, spurring his ill-fated hack with intent to make him go on at greater speed, if greater he had, for he was so laden with years and bruises that a mere glance at him was enough to startle one.

My bachelor kept on slacking his reins[3], and he, without noticing them, continued his quiet pace; for he was very hard-mouthed,

and not less hard in the seat, and I even imagine he must have been deaf, from the words which his owner uttered in order to encourage him to trot, but he went on without regarding them, just as if they had been cast into the well Airon, or rather into the cave of Cabra.

With these annoyances the bachelor travelled on, sometimes chastising his pony with the spur, and at others striving to enliven him with his voice, and this with no slight laughter on my part; but as Babieca's grandson, in addition to being very shy, became disgusted at such great and repeated importunities, he determined on refusing to go forward; nay, in proportion as he was more and more molested, he went further and further back. On this, the loquacious bachelor went beside himself, and letting fall the beaver in which he travelled, determined to shew himself very savage with the galled animal, and to hold cheap the pride, and whim, and evil thought that he had taken, so contrary to his natural temper, which was usually very quiet; and so he began to smite him furiously, but not so effectually as he imagined; for the pony, resenting (as he should not have done) the

blows of the switch with which his master had provided himself for the purpose, commenced kicking, and had scarcely given two or three kicks in the air and as many curvets, when he fell to the ground with him.

I, who saw that unexpected disaster, spurred my mule (which was rather short-stepped), and just as the bachelor was rolling on the ground, uttering furious cries and launching forth from his mouth forty curses and execrations, together with a hundred and twenty vows and invocations, I took the reins and alighted from my beast, saying to him: 'Compose yourself, your honour[4], and shew me your greatness by raising yourself if you can, and continue your journey: for all these inconveniences are allotted to us who travel on such sorry steeds.' 'Yours must be the sorry one,' he answered me, 'for mine, though a thorough good one, has placed me in this strait.' I put on as serious a face as I could, to restrain the laughter which was striving to escape me, and with the greatest possible civility helped him to rise; and scarce had he gotten with much toil and trouble on his legs, after receiving so heavy a blow, when I observed in him the oddest figure in the world. He was small in

person, though he supplied this defect with a pretty little hump in the back, just as though he were a sonnet with a couplet added to it[5]; which made him look downwards more than he liked. (What an unfortunate year for the licentiate Tamariz, who, with his fine grace and bright talent, used to write so many stanzas and rhymes in praise of [illegible] hump-backed[6].) His legs, from being [illegible]wed, were like two slices of melon, and his feet trod their twelve points with the greatest ease (excuse me for saying it); and I even think that I do them a great injustice in giving them such short measure, by which may be seen the liberality[7] with which nature bestows things on mortals.

The bachelor, who had in the mean time applied his hands to his head to see whether the skull was cracked, began to feel his bones ache; and, as he was not obliged to understand much of medical matters, he asked me in a weak and piteous voice, since I was a doctor, (this he said from seeing me travel on a mule[8]), what remedy I could find to cure his shattered health? I replied to him that I was not a doctor, but that were I even a Juan de Villalobos of olden, or a Nicolao

Monardes of modern times, I could not with all that prescribe any thing to relieve him from the evil plight in which his pony had left him, unless I referred his misfortune, which could not be great, to rest and sleep; and what I thought most convenient for the recovery of his ailment, as the morning was travelling away at a rapid pace, was that we should take refuge under the shade of some trees which were near the road, and repose awhile under their shelter from the inclemency of the rubicund Apollo, till with less heat and bones less shaken each might take his own way.

'It just suits me,' said the bachelor, in the same weak and sorrowful tone. 'But who would have imagined, even were he a wizard, that through the vile unruly temper of that exceedingly savage beast, there was to be bruised to pieces the body of a full bachelor graduated at the University of Salamanca, and not at that of Alcalá, the place whither the poor students go to graduate, but lose, from not doing so at Salamanca, the same exemptions and privileges which the hidalgos of Spain enjoy? But woe is me! that such a disaster should befall me! They fairly warned

me at the inn that the pony was impatient and ill-conditioned, though in other respects good. Bating this, he is of excellent cast, for which his fine complexion and good-will speak well: his limbs are sound, and formed with due proportion; he has smooth, black and round hoofs, and in addition to this, they are broad, dry and hollow underneath; the coronet of the hoof is bristly and hairy; the pasterns short, and neither very sloping nor very straight; and so he is very strong in the hoofs, and very safe against stumbles. The joints are thick, and in the fetlocks he has great indications of strength. The legs are broad and straight: the forelegs nervous, and the shin-bones short, regular, sound, and well made: the knees bare, smooth, and thick: the shoulders are broad, long, and fleshy: the chest round and broad: the forehead broad and bare: the eyes black and prominent: the upper part of the sockets full and projecting outwards: the cheeks thin and bare: the nostrils so open and swollen that you almost see the red within them: the mouth large, and the whole of the head dry and sheepish (*carneruna*), shewing the dilated veins in every part of it.'

I, who saw by this, that he was preparing to go on relating one by one the virtues and excellences which neither his beast nor the whole of his breed possessed, interrupted his discourse, saying to him in a mild tone: 'May your honour forgive me, Mr Bachelor, if after a careful search I do not see the beauties which, in your honour's opinion, are found united and combined in him; and the legs which your honour calls straight and firm, if your remarks have not slipped my memory, I take to be crooked and parted; and the hair with which your honour covers his spots, is full of sores; and, in short, he is altogether distended, lean, and slender; and as to the black and prominent eyes of his, which your honour observes, may I see my black ones project, if out of the former do not burst forth the ill humours which have perpetual board and lodging in this ill-shaped hack.'

He took no offence at these cogent reasonings; on the contrary, with apparently slight confusion he said: 'It might well be as your honour says, and not as I have seen and believed; for your honour must know

that in all I have said, as far as I can comprehend, I have not exceeded the limits of reason; and should I be wrong in this instance, as you are probably right in what you say, this must consist in my shortness of sight, which, from my early years, and since then augmented by much reading and no little writing, has come to afflict me very obstinately. And your honour must know that I left the inn with a very pretty pair of spectacles; but for my vile sins this colt.....'

'You mean, of course, to say hack,' said I to him; and he pursued his discourse, saying: 'Be he hack, if hack he be, and if hack you will have him to be. Well, you must know that this hack, as your honour is pleased to call him, on going out of the inn to-day, gave four or five curvets—for I am not sure about the number of them—which curvets, as I could not put a stop to them, made me fall into the middle of the stream, from which I got out somewhat bruised and roughly handled, and it was then that I must have lost my spectacles. And this was the worst of all the falls which, by will of some ill-spirited

devil, who takes full possession of this animal's body, I have received this morning, so unlucky for me.'

'Then,' continued I, 'you were twice thrown by the impatient choler of that pony, that live bag of shaking bones?' Here the bachelor gave a deep sigh, which seemed to have been drawn from his inmost soul, and replied: 'Well, the number yet suffered is six, minus one, and that too was while crossing Toledo bridge, when, had I not holden by the mane, I could not have failed coming to the ground, where I should have finished my journey before it was commenced. But, in fine, 'twere better that we should employ the time we are wasting in vain palaver, while the red-mouthed planet is about to melt our brains with excessive heat, in seeking amid the cool and shade of those tufted trees, a place where I can find a truce to, if not a rest from, the misfortunes which are so obstinately bent on weighing me down. And if you like, we will leave my colt or hack, and your mule, tied to the trunks of some of them, unless you would rather that they went and fed on the small herbs which grow so abundantly in

this country, to the delight and for the support of the cattle.'

'Your will be done,' answered I; 'for since fate decides that I must unavoidably be to-day in the company of your honour, for whom, much to my satisfaction, I have a very great regard, we will take our siesta there for a good bit, till with the close of the evening the choler of rubicund Phœbus's rays begin to mitigate.'

'Thither let us go then,' said my bachelor; 'for to divert the fatigue which idleness is wont to excite in the mind, I have provided myself with two books, both of quiet entertainment, for the one is of spiritual verses, better than those of Cepeda, and the other of very common prose, though of little matter and depth, and if instead of going from Madrid to Toledo we were coming from Toledo to Madrid, you should then see two excellent books of which the Archdeacon is going to make me a present, of such intrinsic value that they treat of every thing that is or can be in the whole world; and with them I have only to say that a man becomes wise in a jiffy[9].'

As soon as we got to the place where the tufted trees were, after tying our worthy steeds to the trunks of some of them, we sat down upon our common mother earth; and now prepared to be in that composed state of mind which the relishing study of literature requires, my companion opened a leathern case in which the said books were enclosed. He opened the first and saw this title: 'Spiritual verses for the conversion of the sinner, and for the contempt of the world.'

''Tis a book of very sweet verses,' said I to him, 'and of nice Christian poetry: I knew the author of it, who was a friar of Santo Domingo de Predicadores at Huete, and was named brother Pedro de Ezinas. He must have been a man of good abilities, and a literary person, as is clear from this little book he composed, besides others which go about the world in manuscript, highly esteemed by the learned.'

'Nevertheless,' proceeded the bachelor, 'if I must give my opinion in candour, there is one thing in this book which makes me very angry, and that is, that the ornaments and graces of the Christian Muses should be mixed up with those whom the barbarous

heathens adored. For whom does it not offend and shock, to see the name of the Divine Word and that of the most holy Virgin Mary and holy Prophets, with Apollo and Daphne, Pan and Syrinx, Jupiter and Europa, the cuckold Vulcan and the blind God little Cupid, son of Venus and Mars? Well, it comes to this, that father Ezinas was troubled about a much slighter matter than this, at seeing on a certain occasion that whenever and wherever he said in the mass those words, *Dominus vobiscum*, an old woman, a great saint, always responded in a very nasal tone, "Praised be God!" He suffered this impropriety for some days, after which seeing that the devout contumacy of that Celestina was not subdued, he one day turned his face towards her with extreme anger, and said to her: Of a truth, my good old woman, you have passed your years in vain; for you even now only know how to respond to a *Dominus vobiscum* but with a "Praised be God!" Bad luck to you and your whole lineage! understand that though the expression is good and holy, it is out of place here.'

'You are right, friend bachelor,' proceeded I, 'in the fault which you impute to Ezinas's

verses; but with this exception it is one of the best books in verse written in the Spanish language. And for the elevation of its style it dares compete with the most famous of Italy; and in confirmation of this truth I will repeat you a stanza that is at the beginning of one of his songs, which says thus:

"Go to the shades
Of the cool forest glades,
Plump little sheep:
By the pure stream
Fearlessly dream
Through the noon's sleep.
We shall be waking,
While you are taking
Your flowery feast;
With dogs standing steady,
In attitudes ready
To scare the wild beast;
For there shall a sorrowful tale be related
Of a shepherd ill-fated."'

'Well now,' said the bachelor, 'notwithstanding that you praise Ezinas' verses, they are not so agreeable to me, nor to my ears do they rhyme so well as those of Aldana, and those of an Arragonese named Alonso de la Sierra, a very excellent poet who has also written spiritual verses, and 'tis not above three days that they came by post to Madrid; and they are such ones, aye, such ones as ap-

pear to have been dictated by Apollo himself and the Nine. But on putting Ezinas' poetry alongside of this other book, they do not value the latter at two mites, and that is because it only contains nonsense and folly, and things contrary to reason, and humbug; it is a compendium of all the airy things and improbable adventures of which others, as injurious to the community as it, are full.'

On this I opened the leaves and saw these words in it, 'The clever gentleman,' whereat I immediately fell into a reverie for a good space, like one assaulted by a sudden fear, and whose voice freezes in his throat. But disguising my resentment, I gave my bachelor these quiet reasonings in reply.

'For certain this book, which your honour calls one of nonsense and folly, is a book of sweet entertainment, and does harm to nobody, and is one of very pretty style and witty adventures, and the author of it should have been rewarded and commended for desiring by a wise artifice to banish from the community the reading of those very vain books of chivalries, which with their artificial circumlocution make the readers melancholy and sad: especially as the author of the

said book is more heavily laden with misfortunes than years; and though he breathes in hope of the reward which he may expect from its merits, nevertheless he is diffident when he sees the world so pregnant with vanities, and how envy is wont to offer a thousand obstacles in order not to leave off oppressing men of talent, and with what favour she struts in the present age about the palaces and courts, and among the great lords: which fellows, as they are very tenacious of their right to despise those that profess the very noble study of literature, there is no human power which can persuade them that they err in the opinion which they hold. And therefore if men of talent strive to attain a little weight, this they hamstring and take away in double quick time, and thus the hapless men live without an hour's peace.'

'Tis certain then,' said the loquacious bachelor, 'that the whole Christian community does not set its imagination on thinking the books of chivalry false and lying books, and their authors inventors of lies, and levities, and nonsensical things: to which books, though not praised by the wise, the flighty vulgar have given such credit, that men with

beards think to be real events those hot and outrageous battles of knights-errant, and that going out of their houses, entrusting or not entrusting to others the care of their estates, in order to seek adventures to which to give a successful termination, and that incessant charging of the memory with the names of the ladies of their lofty thoughts, that they may succour them in all the dangers upon which they adventure, without any other cause or necessity for it than the acquisition of that good fame in the human world, which neither suffers grievances nor wrongs without settling and redressing them: for before God and my soul' (and this he said his eyes filling with tears) 'I have need enough to light upon one of those knights, to see if he can set straight this hump of mine, for it is one of those crooked things which ought long since to have been set straight by the goodness of some knight-errant; for were it not for this, and these vile legs, and this diminutive body, with a longish nose, this shocking bad pair of eyes, and this mouth reaching from ear to ear, there would not be a more strapping youth, gallant, nor gentleman in the world than I, nor one more sought after by the ladies, more

envied by the courtiers, nor pointed at by the finger of children and the populace. Evil hour for the greatest gallants and beaux who go through the streets of Madrid admiring their physiognomy! Go to, make for yourselves honey, and flies will lick you; but not me who sell them, for I am a veil-maker and sell veils[10], for the neighbours used to say to my mother when I was a very little child, that I was a living image of my father, who was one of the most valiant soldiers that were present with the never-conquered Emperor at the wars in Germany; and always at the most fierce onsets and skirmishes which were made against the enemies, he was one of the last to attack and the first to retreat. And Captain Luis Quijada, one of those Lombard fellows, finding him concealed among the boughs of a tree, and fancying he was a secret spy, ordered him to be given two rounds of rope, but he defended himself by saying that he was observing the enemy's infantry from thence, because, though it was much fatigued and scattered, and hard-worked by the bad nights, and onsets, and sudden attacks, and surprises which our men used to give it, he withal had learnt from the mouth of a dying German,

(one of the heretics) that his party were preparing, after making a false retreat, to suddenly attack our camp on its weakest point: on which, at the request of other soldiers who knew my father's humour, Luis Quijada had to pardon him on condition that at the hour of day-break.....'

'Soft, signor licentiate,' said I to him, 'and look whither you are going; for beginning with Don Quijote de la Mancha, your honour has gone dancing like a little bee from flower to flower, till you have come to relate me your father's exploits in the German wars, which are just as à-propos as those of Mingo Revulgo or those of Calainos.'

On this replied my bachelor: '"Who said Rodrigo said noise[11]." God made me thus; and moreover Aristotle in his Politics condemns silent men as vicious, and closes your door against the silent person; and so I am accustomed to be as silent as a negress in a bath.'

'But your honour will not deny, if you do me so great a favour as to listen to me,' I went on, seeing his inclination to quote proverbs, 'that silence well-timed is called wisdom; for what the fool says is not quite true.'

'Still,' said he, 'I do not think your honour

is ignorant that the corn-mill which keeps moving gains by its motion; and so with your honour's permission I will relate to you in plain terms how my father came to be a Captain.

'One day, when the battle with the German heretics was sharp, and he went looking here and there all over the field for the most convenient place to hide himself, reflecting that I was not come into the world, nor even begotten, and therefore preserving himself for greater things, he began on this account to search for the way and means whereby, without being seen by the men of his side, or by those of the league, he might preserve his person, as I have said, for greater things.'

'Or for smaller,' said I to him this time; 'for if he preserved himself that you might come into the world, is there a smaller man in the world than you? And as you are the smallest thing, in preserving himself to beget you, how say you that he preserved himself for greater things?'

'I, too, have heard say, that I am very small, and nevertheless have not believed it,' proceeded my bachelor; 'for it entered my head that this must be the small talk of the

vulgar, and I always took it to be one of those stories that the old women tell in the winter at the fireside.

'Well, you must know that, as he was going about the field in the way that I have said, seeing how much and how well the two wings of the imperial army fought, there came upon him a desire to lay hand on his sword, which till then, though it had come to the light of the sun on various occasions of urgent and stringent necessity, had immediately afterwards returned blushingly and shamefully to its scabbard, as one brought up with all honesty and care, without being dyed in the blood of the adversaries. What execution my father did in the affray, is a long and tiresome story, but the end and reward which his aspirations and gallantry received are not such; for, 'tis the common hue and cry in my country, Villar del Olmo and its neighbourhood, that, laden with more than thirty heads of the German heretics, which he had cut off, he presented himself after the victory before the renowned Emperor, who then said to his master of the field, Alonso Vivas, those three very notable words of Julius Cesar, changing the third as a Chris-

tian prince should do: "I came, I saw, and God conquered[12]." The Emperor, satisfied of the achievement, as this was his time for conferring ranks, gave that of Captain to my father; and though on this occasion evil tongues were not wanting that said my father had cut off the heads from the numerous corpses which were in the field, like one who buys birds in the market, and, as he walks through the streets, takes to himself the credit of having shot them—with all that, he became a Captain, to the pleasure or disgust of those silly grumblers who trouble the peace of the community with their tongues; and whether his merits were real or not, he was under no obligation to discuss them with any one.....'

'But,' said I to him, 'may I know at last what you think of that sorrowful book D. Quijote, which your honour styles pregnant with nonsense and vanities? And I ask this, because many who draw it still milder than you, call it the first of those of quiet entertainment that have been composed in Spain, and say it is full of dainties and truths. It is certain that the book passes the sea with no very favourable wind before those who

criticise it; and in good sooth this is one of the many mishaps which have assailed its author; but this backwardness of the learned to admire his book, will eventually redound to its glory and fame; and in the other case, if they do not give this to it, it leaves them for what they are.'

'This book,' continued the bachelor, 'which you will have to be so sound, so witty, and so valuable, is full of absurdities; for is it not a great absurdity that, with the idea of banishing from the world the vain reading of the lying books of chivalry for being mere falsehood and a cheat, it should paint us another greater one, such as the seeing a man so bewildered by the things one usually meets with in such books, as to sally out of his house in search of dark adventures, fancying himself an out-and-out knight-errant, and that the many cudgellings he receives as the merited chastisement of his unheard-of folly, should not have the effect of withdrawing him from such light thoughts? When has its unhappy author seen that such madmen roam about the community? And even were I to put him more questions than the late admiral, who, withal, was a most importunate ques-

tioner, how many Palmerins of England, how many Florendos, how many Floriandos, and how many other knights-errant armed cap-à-pie,—like as if they had just escaped from one of those old tapestries which you are wont to find in taverns—has he seen make straight things crooked, and disorder what is well ordered and quite straight? From whence I argue that it were better by far to tell him to cultivate the talent which he undoubtedly has, for better things, and to leave off the continuation of his unlucky book; for that is not the thing which will destroy the authority and reception which books of chivalry have among the calumnious rabble. Now this I would tell him, and more, as I have a superabundant vocabulary; and I even believe that, though I were dumb, perhaps, nay certainly, I should not want one[13], and I have as good a memory as an understanding, to which is added a wish to correct and punish the failings of others, now that I cannot mend my own; these villanous legs, for instance, and this pretty hump. And you must know I am a great philosopher, for in the new philosophy of Doña Oliva[14] I have learnt the knowledge of myself; now he who

has attained this, has attained no slight thing. And do not you despise her doctrine because it has come from a woman, for there have been many in the world worthy of all veneration and respect; and without going further, there you have the late Countess of Tendilla, mother of the three Mendozas, whose names still live, and will live for many centuries in the mouth of fame[15]: and there, too, you have Madame Passier[16], whose uncommon talent, memory and eloquence death has carried away with him, as October does the vine-leaves; for which person, out of respect for her literary talents, were performed very great and solemn obsequies, and to whose memory were made many very learned verses. And provided that a book filled with her letters, pregnant with erudition and morality, has arrived at the Court, as I think it must have, the author of the unfortunate D. Quijote ought to study them.'

'How so? is it possible, friend signor bachelor,' I replied to him, 'that your honour can so obstinately maintain that knights-errant do not roam about the world in this iron age of ours? Are you so short of memory, as not to recollect the many knights

who all but regarded as true these vanities of which the histories are full, which are known by heart even by the silly vulgar? And in short, I vow to you at least to bring to your mind the follies of that far-famed knight Don Suero de Quiñones, of whom it is said, that with nine gentlemen he demanded permission of the very high and mighty king of Castile, Don John the Second, to set out from the court, and ransom his captive liberty, (which was in the custody of a lady), by breaking three hundred lances, in the space of thirty days, with the knights and gentlemen who should come to get the better of them in the adventure: and you surely must know, that the said knight, Don Suero de Quiñones, defended the honourable pass near Orbigo bridge, and took off from his own neck that iron collar which he fastened on to it regularly every Thursday, in token of servitude and captivity; and that Lope de Estúñiga, Diego de Bazan, Pedro de Nava, and other hidalgos, amounting to nine, all of them errantly enamoured, were defenders and maintainers of the pass. All of which men, taken together, broke lances with more than seventy adven-

turers, who were come thither to try their prowess and intrepidity. And, in short, friend bachelor, you must answer me whether these were not knights-errant of flesh and bone, and not like the badly invented ones; besides, respecting the honourable pass, there is a book written by a friar, who styles himself one Pineda, who abbreviated and compiled it from an old hand-book, which you will see in print roaming about those worlds.

'And surely the adventure of Canon Almela, who was found at the conquest of Granada, with two squires and six men on foot, cannot have gone out of your mind: the Canon, by reason of his great fondness for things pertaining to knights-errant, kept about him gewgaws and vile unprofitable stuff: and he wore hanging from his belt a sword, which he said was that of the Cid Ruy Diaz, because of certain letters which were inscribed on it, although they could not be read, much less the meaning of them be unravelled.

'Your arguments have much weight with me, Mr Soldier, but with all that, I must reply to you, that in ancient times such exploits were done: and that without going farther back, we saw in those of the Cesarean Ma-

jesty of the renowned Emperor, Charles the Fifth, how he told a complete Archbishop of Bourdeaux, neither more nor less, than if he had been Archbishop Turpin, to tell the king of France, that he had made him such in a shameful and villanous manner, and we afterwards saw a messenger come from the King of France, with another messenger from Henry, King of England, calling upon him to enter the lists with them, according to the rules of chivalry.'

'And I,' said the bachelor[17], 'remember well from having heard it from the mouth of my father and lord, who (in peace be it said) was a man well versed in these points of honour, though out of certain regards he himself did not observe them, that the great Emperor[18] finding himself challenged with all the solemnities of the laws of duel, asked the advice of his cousin Don Diego Duke of Infantado as to how he should act; and the latter advised him by no means to accept the challenge, for the consequence of his doing so would be, that, whereas the debt which the King of France owed his Majesty was so great, by referring the receipt of its payment to arms, he would establish a law in his king-

dom that all acknowledged debts should have to pass the stern trial of arms—a thing contrary to reason and justice. These exploits are now seen only in the lying and silly books of chivalry, and in the comedies taken from them in our times; for in the times of Lope de Rueda, Gil Vicente, and Alonso de Cisneros, they would never have dared to appear even at the theatres. And if I must tell a bit of truth, I should be highly pleased that those good old times of knight-errantry came back again. Then should you see me go out some morning at dawn, with my hunters large and small, my mastiffs and bloodhounds, dressed in a suit which should have leather outside, and squirrel lining within, like those the great lords wore when they went a wandering, and you should see me put a trumpet on my neck, and parade with my pony and hunters, and when we were in the midst of the mountain, a storm should overtake us and wind and rain with great fury and violence, and I should lose myself in the long darkness in the most intricate part of the mountain, where no living soul dared penetrate by reason of the many evil beasts which lodged there. And there I should hit not upon

a prodigiously barbarous vaunter, but on a courteous Prince, valiant and of a good countenance, who has lost himself amid those wilds, and has set out from his court without any suite to practise the exercise of knight-errantry, and who shall be named the Knight of the Griffin, or of the Red Band: who shall be very wise, and of very sage counsels; and seeing that I am a knight of such high caste and condition, to shew the liberality of his good heart, he shall give me consolation in my troubles. And a dwarf shall unexpectedly make his appearance on the other side, with a fearful voice, and countenance both frightful and ugly, who shall say; "Prepare thee, Knight of the Griffin, or of the Red Band, or whatever thou callest thyself, to accomplish the most astounding adventure which has ever presented itself to knight-errant. For thou must know that the Princess Bacalambruna, who, by the death of her father Borborifon, the man of the crooked nose, inherits that enchanted castle which thou seest whitening in the distance in that plain on the banks of that fertilizing river, is smitten and wounded with love of thy gentility; for with it thou hast set the seal to all which can make a

knight-errant perfect and famous. When night unfolds her fearful mantle, thou must go to the castle, the gates of which will be open to thee, if thou wouldest enjoy the great beauty of so beauteous a Princess." And as soon as that frightful dwarf disappears from before our eyes, the knight of the Griffin shall tell me he cannot go to the enchanted castle, lest he should offend that Infanta; for he has been some days enamoured of Arsinda, daughter of Quinquirlimpuz king of Trapobana. Then shall come upon me the desire to enjoy the sight of so fine, so handsome, and so beautiful a damsel, that a mere glance at her shall excite the admiration of all to whom she shews herself, and I shall mount my impatient pony, and without giving him rest shall take my journey till I come to the gates of the enchanted castle. And my pony, from great hunger and the fatigue of the journey, shall want to eat, and I shall drop his reins; and he, in order to be more free and comfortable, shall bend down that I may dismount, and I shall dismount, and when I have unbridled him and tied him to the trunk of some oak, I shall enter the castle with good courage, and without any one coming out to

impede my passage, or advancing to receive me—a thing so contrary to the laws of etiquette. And as the night shall have overtaken me in the meantime, lo! in the court of that deserted castle, I shall fall in with a lighted flambeau, which shall be set before my eyes without any one carrying it, and I shall follow it: it shall place itself in a very rich palace of gold and silver, pearl and precious stones, and its furniture shall be of very fine silk and ornaments of gold. And on arriving at a beautiful chamber the flambeau shall go out of its own accord, and the Princess Bacalambruna shall come in, enamoured of the good qualities of the knight of the Griffin, and shall take me for him at first, but soon undeceiving herself, shall become thoroughly horrified at finding that I am not the knight of the Griffin, but a hump-backed and long-nosed knight. And as she will think that my hump is an imperfection,—whereas it is only one of the many presents with which nature is wont to enrich mortals, for there is nothing prettier among all worldly things than ornaments, and for a man to be without a long nose or large mouth, or very long feet, is to be like a gun-

carriage without its gun[18]—she will go mad with rage, and rush out of the apartment to order my death. I, in the meantime, shall call to my aid some malicious enchanter, who from greater malice will pretend not to hear me. But one of the oldest and most respectable dueñas that were born in that kingdom of Transylvania, one at whom I never threw dust nor straw, and whose name shall be Mari Hernandez or Juana Perez, enamoured of me, shall come unexpectedly into the apartment and take me by the hand, and lead me through the drawing-room, where there will be several men ready to put me to death; they will lay hand on their swords and halberds to do it, and will do it too, unless there come to my assistance my good fortune and Mari Hernandez, the most beautiful dueña of Transylvania, who shall say to them: "Be quiet, gentlemen, for this is not the knight whom the princess commanded you to kill: he is a squire whom she sends on a voyage. When the other comes out, kill him." And on this she shall place me in the open country, and I shall mount my pony, and she shall give a deep sigh, and I shall promise to marry her when I pass by that castle again,

(which after the wrong I have done, will be never), but in that hour I shall be obliged to promise all that I can, and even much more than I can possibly perform. And so I shall take the road at a venture, and be lucky enough to arrive at a city and square where shall be an emperor in the lists, with his daughter dressed in very costly brocades, seated in a sumptuous pavilion garnished with precious jewels; and she shall be so excessively ugly as to look more like a devil escaped from hell than a human creature. And as she will be a spinster eager not to continue such, she will have placed herself in the square to wait for knights-errant to come with their arms, and acquire by conquest the possession of that great beauty which she has not. And as no one will up to that time have come, I shall go into the square to try my fortune, and the ignorant and ill-designing vulgar will, on seeing me, begin with a gibe at my expense, "Hilloa! here comes the knight of the Frightful Hump, the flower of chivalry." And I, putting spurs to my horse, shall break a lance on the ground in front of the platform; and my pony, as usual, shall give such leaps, curvets, and starts, that he shall fall to the

ground with me so heavily as to tear my inexpressibles to pieces. Whereat the princess enamoured of me, because she will know that I am a man of spirit and very anxious for the marriage, shall ask her father to give me her hand: the father, knowing that his daughter has run the market of knights-errant without lighting on a purchaser, and that in consequence thereof she is an unsaleable jewel and bad halfcrown, shall call me to the platform, and in reward of my prowess give me the princess and a kingdom as a dowry, the subjects of which shall all be dwarfs. And so from being a bachelor of Salamanca and not of Alcalá, I should come to be no less than a king; whereat there would not be wanting among the subjects of my court, one who should compose, in the language of that realm, unknown even to the most learned cosmographers, a poem in praise of my exploits; neither would there be wanting some honourable enchanter who, in order that the poem might be put into the Castilian tongue, should resuscitate for the express purpose the licentiate Joan Arjona [19].'

'But, friend bachelor,' answered I, 'from the appropriate reply of the Duke of Infan-

tado to the never-conquered Emperor, it does not follow that real knights-errant were banished quite out of the world; for there lived then, although much weighed down by age, Micer Oliver de la Marcha, knight-courtier of the Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good, and afterwards of his daughter Doña Maria, wife of the Emperor Maximilian, from whom came Philip the Handsome, who married Doña Juana, daughter of the Catholic Sovereigns.[20] And as the witness of the troubles which the excellent princess Madame Maria underwent, when she and her dominions were harassed by the person who was most strongly bound to protect them, he always carried with him a motto, which in his Burgundian language meant:

"THUS MUCH HATH LA MARCHA SUFFERED!"

which he used for a sirname. And this man wrote a very clever book—would that those which go about the community called chivalrous were such, whereas they are only pregnant with follies and absurdities! The said book he chose to entitle "The Determined Knight," which the cavalier Don Hernando de Acuña turned from the French language into Spanish, with a very fine polish and in very

sweet Spanish couplets, above all price, as we read in that commencement of his book with these agreeable ideas:

"In the autumn of life,
At a sudden command,
Called from my country,—
My own native land;—
Lone was my journey
When; wakened at last
By a thought, my oblivious
Memory fast
Flew back to her childhood,
Renewing the past:"

And do you not recollect how Mario de Abenante, a Neapolitan gentleman, challenged Don Francisco Pandon, a gentleman also born in the same kingdom? and that as the two were fiercely engaged in the lists, Don Francisco gave the horse of Mario a gentle thrust unobserved by the latter; to whom, as he was not aware of the mischief which was likely to come upon him by a fall on the ground, an uncle of his, who was within the stoccade, began to make signs to alight; and alighting with great coolness, he wounded the horse which his adversary reined? and that as the horse began to resist the bridle and treat it with great contempt, Don Francisco was obliged to give in? and that for this action

Mario was much blamed and ill considered by the people, and regarded as a traitor and a coward?

"You must also remember other achievements of knights-errant which happened in the present times, such as that of Leres, when after challenging another, named Martin Lopez, and the two had come to combat at Rome with lances and cuirasses, they went skirmishing and looking about for the interstices of each other's armour, to wound one another mortally. And it chanced that Martin Lopez's horse stumbled, and he came to the ground, and was slightly stunned by the severe pain of that blow; and Leres, regarding it as an act of meanness to despatch his rival while in such a posture, set foot upon the ground. But this was unlucky for him; for he stumbled himself and fell, and Martin Lopez, who was now up again, seeing this and fearing lest fortune should again prove a stepmother to him, went upon Leres and basely vanquished him while in that posture. And, putting this aside, does not the most fortunate journey of the lord King Philip the Second (may he be in glory!) occur to your memory, who, when Prince, went from Spain to his territory in

Lower Germany and to all the estates of Flanders and Brabant? Now in a printed work of Juan Calvete de Estrella[20]'.....

'Bald (*calvo*) may I find myself, as far as the hump goes, and more and more upset (*estrellado*) by my pony,' said the bachelor, 'in the remainder of my journey (for, from his extreme vice and evil thoughts, I fancy he will treat me to a jerk from his back, as he has already done, not without much fracture and aching of my bones), if the said book be be not one of the most amusing that have been composed since the world has been the world, and that there has been a printer; and every thing in it is plain and true: things which do not usually find their way with historians, from whence it follows, that lies and events which never took place, gain credit. My father was also in the suite of the Prince, and by reason of a certain mishap and awkward affair which befel him there, was obliged to return to Spain, and there happened to him on his journey many more adventures than ever there did to the monster of fortune, Antonio Perez[21]. And, in short, with sorrowful and troubled mind as though he had been bitten by some evil asp.....'

I then interrupted his discourse, suspecting that he would cram me with another story as troublesome and impertinent as the last, and so imitated the serpent which closes its ears with extraordinary obstinacy, to make itself deaf, and not listen to the voice of the charmer, and proceeded to say: 'Well, as you know, there appeared at Bins before the ever-august Emperor and the Prince his son, sundry knights who were at that city, and told him the hour had come in which an old enchanter, very inimical to virtue, equality, and knight-errantry, had taken up his quarters in Belgic Gaul, near Bins, upon an old causeway.....'

'And do not you recollect,' answered the bachelor, 'the name of that enchanter?'

'No, indeed,' rejoined I, 'but it must have been a frightful one, like all the names of those malignant spirits that live in those unhappy books of chivalry. I have heard tell of a certain author of one of this sort, who was puzzled for some days without being able to hit on the name he should give an enchanter whom he introduced in one of his stories, nor did he know the one which corresponded most with his extreme malignity and pride; and one day as he was at

a friend's house, playing at cards with others who were likewise his own friends, he heard the master of the house say to a servant, 'Hark'ee, Celio, bring counters here' (*trae aquí cantos*). These words sounded to him so well, that rising from the table at which he was playing, without saying why or taking leave of any one, he went straight home to write the name "*Traquicantos*," which had sounded so musically in his ears.'

'Now this enchanter of Bins,' proceeded I, 'had by his diabolical arts put the natives of those countries in a fright and confusion, doing them every kind of mischief, and threatening to do them much more and worse too; and, in short, the knights had learnt that this ever-malicious enchanter had his constant abode and dwelling in a palace so powerfully enchanted, that it was continually enveloped and covered with such a thick dark cloud as to be an obstacle to all who would undertake the task of reconnoitring that frightful and awful place, which no soul, however courageous, dared approach; but a princess, fond of every thing that is good, and well acquainted with the knowledge of futurity, seeing how pernicious to such noble folks was the fero-

city of that enchanter, more malignant than Arcalaus, and a greater heretic than Constantine[22], took care to have thrust into a lofty rock a sword of such virtue, as these words, which she determined to put for the admiration of all men, declared: "Whoever shall draw the sword out of this stone, shall likewise put an end to the adventure, and destroy the enchantments, and deliver the prisoners from the cruel captivity in which they are; and, finally, shall cast this dark castle into hell, and besides this, shall achieve an infinity of other very good adventures not here declared, which are promised to and destined for him."

'On this they demanded the Emperor's leave to finish this frightful adventure, and the Emperor was much delighted to grant it to them, and in fact did grant it to them; and all those knights were two days holding rehearsals, in presence of his Majesty and the Prince, of all the mad things that we read of in the books of chivalry, which, unfortunately for the community, were invented by reason of idleness. Look, your honour, mark and consider with all the learning that a full bachelor of law can cram into himself[23],

the number of the knights who busied themselves in getting up such festivals, or rather, follies and absurdities; and that the Emperor and the Prince, Don Philip, gave their consent to all of them, and took much pleasure in them; and tell me, your honour, whether there be no other such madmen in all the universe as the clever Manchegan, when there are so many, and they too so honoured and favoured by emperors and kings? In short, the idiots with whom the Christian community is peopled, cannot endure that the unpolished vulgar should be convinced by the reading of this book, that in the chivalrous ones there are only described events improbable and hostile to truth and common sense; and that is the reason why they work so hard and so obstinately, and with such irritation of mind, and such perverse dispositions, against the clever gentleman D. Quijote; searching for faults in him, and making inquisition into all his adventures, for the purpose of maliciously inferring from them that there are no such madmen in the world as those whom the books of chivalry invent, while the courts of kings (much more the villages) are peopled with them. These fellows amidst the varied

turmoil of the palaces are not (always) known; for the court is the mother of madmen of every description; and in sum so many and so great are the follies they commit, so much the extravagance they talk, so many the absurdities and nonsensical enterprises they are wont to throw so unadvisedly upon their shoulders, to their great injury, that there is no one who can divert them from their evil thought and worse inclination. And this is the time to look for faults in the illustrious knight D. Quijote, bright mirror, not only of the Manchegan horizons, but of all those in Spain, and I might even say, in the world, did I not fear to exceed the bounds of my moderation! Wherefore it is but just that so useful and well-ordered a book, instead of being despised, should be honoured and esteemed by all good persons of the community: for it proves itself to be the only one among all those of vain chivalries that was written with an honest and useful design. And on seeing the follies of D. Quijote, it must not be taken for such a vain one as those; for there are madmen enough in the world, and we cannot recollect the time when no one was holden to be such in the people's conception. And

for the honourable determination which the author had, and his desire to banish the false order of knight-errantry by means of the agreeable, relishing, and cheerful entertainments, which he offers in his true history as a savoury dish, was such.....'

I got thus far in my story, when a sudden whim and evil design which had come into his head assailed the hectic pony, whose reins, ill-fastened by my poor bachelor, had got loose; and this design was to play tricks with the mule, which was tied by the reins to the trunk of an old holm-oak close by him. And as she resented the vicious desires of the pony, and, in short, was a lass of all honesty and prudence, reared in the house of honourable parents and brought up with good and chaste examples, she very haughtily and disdainfully resisted the weak and pitiful caresses of my extremely unlucky bachelor's steed, and like a virtuous Lucretia, though with better success (what a sad state the world is in, now that it is reserved to mules alone to be Lucretias!), defended herself courageously, letting fly two kicks at her unjust assailant, but let fly with such good aim, that one of them lighted on his unsound eye and put it com-

pletely out, and the other on the breast, with which she felled him to the ground, and had she followed it up, the calamities of the pony and the falls of my bachelor would have terminated on the spot.

The bachelor, on contemplating that unthought-of disaster, occasioned by the excessive wantonness, and lascivious thoughts, and unexpected stimulus, and aspiration after higher things, which his steed displayed, fancied the animal was at the point of yielding up the last breath out of his mouth; and there he went moaning and crying out, lamenting his misfortune and the little care he had taken to preserve that rarely precious jewel which he had hired at Colmenares's inn, and there he went cursing the place and hour that he had quitted the town.

I, by way of consolation, said to him: 'Well now, Mr Bachelor, this misfortune has come to shew you how far you were from hiting the mark; for, under your good opinion that the book of D. Quijote is all vanity and folly, put a stop to your sighs, and call to mind the story of a similar adventure of Rocinante, when the clever Manchegan fell in with the most unfortunate of his, by lighting on some

malicious mares which likewise nearly killed him.'

'The devil bring me what I should not like him to bring me,' said the bachelor in a pet, 'if you do not immediately go a hundred leagues farther than hell with your D. Quijote; for since I saluted you, all the misadventures on earth have begun to shower upon me, neither more nor less than as though you were a bull of excommunication; for this really is not merely an adventure, but a heavily-rained-down adventure!' And upon this, he strove hard, but in vain, to raise his pony, which, from the severity of his wounds and blindness, could not rise, but whensoever the bachelor pulled his reins, he just moved a foot or a paw, giving signs of departing life. From whence I came to discover what power the hoofs of a mule possess to defend the rights of her honour, and let not the evil and vicious that, with expressions starched and smelling of amber, musk and civet, for the purpose of carrying out their wanton designs, put in such peril and risk their lives, and even their souls, offer her cat instead of hare, as innkeepers do[30]. Seeing the evil plight of the pony, and that the sun was now declining,

and about to get behind the mountains and sink into the sea, I took a very courteous leave of my unfortunate bachelor, who, from the great and ineffectual labour of recovering his beast, neither heard me, nor saw me go; nor, even had he seen me, was it now in his power to hit upon appropriate words, as his tongue was tied by anger and vexation. There he stayed, bouncing about and blaming his stars; and I never got any farther intelligence respecting him, nor tried to get any, and I even fancy I am still listening to him.

So, mounting my mule, I took the turn towards Toledo that hour. It might be about dawn when I entered its gates, and commenced passing through its streets, and went straight to a friend's house to take a lodging; where turning over in my mind what I should do, I determined to write this adventure of mine, with the object of undeceiving many who see in the clever gentleman D. Quijote what the clever gentleman D. Quijote is not; and therefore I determined to call this little book "Searchfoot," in order that they who search for the lame foot of the clever Manchegan, may discover (God be praised!) that he is not lame in any of them: on the contrary, that

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he is firm and sure enough in all of them to enter upon most singular combat with the silly grumblers, reptiles which every well-ordered community nurtures to its own hurt. And now, if I have succeeded in giving thee pleasure, dear reader, I shall have a very great one in having served thee, provided these advertences of mine do not slip thy memory. And God preserve thee!

END OF THE 'SQUIB OR SEARCHFOOT.'

UNPUBLISHED LETTER

OF

MATEO ALEMAN,

AUTHOR OF "EL PICARO GUZMAN DE ALFARACHE,"

TO MIGUEL DE CERVANTES[31].

THAT famous prince of Roman eloquence (I mean Tully) used to say that there was nothing in the world so contrary to calculation and constancy as Fortune, wishing to give us to understand that on her depended all the events which could befall human beings. Our actions are like Uriah's letters[32], for they alone work out our misfortunes; and that this is a truth well received by the most learned and wisest men of Latin antiquity, Juvenal proves, when he says that no one would worship the deceitful deity of Fortune, if we had good brains and prudence, since, for her benefit and to our injury, our extreme folly and lack of wisdom had made her a goddess.

I have hitherto regarded this idolising of people of fortune as very fine nonsense, and as an old abuse canonized by their slaves, the

ambitious, and I even took such for dolts, as though they lived at Bamba[33]. But years have now changed; and as one whom misfortunes have so thoroughly crushed, as well as the discovery that he is worn out and wasted by long infirmities, by the many Christmases he has lived, and by poverty too, the last recipe of that mutable dame, I said:—In good time, ye are come, plain truth. I would rather domesticate a wild beast, than fail to adore Fortune: I will solicit her favour, for I imagine that to expect it without entreaties, is to beg pears of the elm, or cherries of the thistle. Open the grave for that man who will not be her submissive slave, regard him as a dead man, cut out the mourning for him: to acquire riches, a happy term and end of his troubles, will be sourish things for him[34]. Away sorrows, away complaints, away sighs! let us live no longer in the murky house of Lazarillo de Tórmes[35], as they say.

It may be published *vivâ voce* through the universe, that she only favours those who trim the ugliness of their wicked life with much artifice. To those she gives ear with much plainness and affability: she encourages the ignorant to grace themselves with their

very ignorance: she brings the bullies and braggadocios clear out of all disputes: she gives money to him who from thorough miserly feeling and penuriousness is a mere loaf and salad[36]: she supplies the officious and audacious with materials to satiate their desire to get up a row: she gives cowards a *ton* in the world that is due to the valiant: she obtains for chatterers silly ears to listen to their chatter: through her the Pedros de Ordimalas find success in their frauds and cunning: the Saturns find melancholy wherewith to become sad: artful knaves prosper in their double dealings and unfair bargains: good-for-nothing fellows have the reputation of being men fitted for all kinds of employments: gluttons and wine-bibbers always find viands to sharpen and awaken their appetite and unwearied gluttony. It is much to be regretted that the world should be thus corrupted by the good opinion of dame Fortune. All men, as though they were playing with her at the game of Carteta[37], do nothing else but think of the pair, the losing card, the take in, the stake, the unlucky hit.

Now your Honour, that excels in acuteness of wit and gracefulness of expression, must

have experienced what I say: your "clever gentleman D. Quijote" meets with great applause among foreign nations in the company of my "Watch-tower of Life," as these are the two most esteemed books that have been composed of late. So it is. We both set about curing the almost incurable wounds of mortals (though envy glow): we also were and are alike in misfortunes. Would you see it? Well, consider that we have for a country (I should rather say stepmother) such a cruel enemy, that she takes care of every thing except the reward due to talent. Oh fool, fool, and a thousand times fool! But it were better to say, Oh madman, mad, and a thousand times mad, thou who didst not imagine that fortune held jurisdiction over talent also! I have been deceived, mocked, and I might even say tutored, by experience, if the warning did not come so late, so out of season, and out of time.

Tell me, what thinks the world of those who follow the literary profession? Do not they imagine, that writing books to enlighten the dark understandings of the ignorant, is carrying water to the mill? Do not they regard so much study, so much learning, so

little sleep, as easy labour,—as Juan de Mena's parsley[38]?

I am determined to follow a new path, that may conduct me to the port of my adventure: wherefore I have conferred thus with myself:—I can now live but a short time: I was a child, I have been a young man, I am an old man; how much life remains for me? how have I profited? What estate will my children enjoy? Absolutely none at all. Halt then: let us go, as they are in the habit of saying at Salamanca, to Tuta, the land of almsgiving[39]. Let us go to New Spain, and see whether the calumnious detractors of my writings, who treat me as ill as if they were Salaya's curses[40], do not persecute me there with their tongues, in order to bring me into disrepute. Now, delay is a painful thing: merits are not recognised by the world till late, and badly even then, and badly are they rewarded: Fortuné has been to me like the Justice of Pevalvillo, who at his first assizes ordered a man to be shot with an arrow, and after the poor wretch died, commenced the proceedings against him[41].

Now, from the valuation set upon your book, I am persuaded that misfortunes enough

lie close at your door, and think that they will overtake you quite unawares. You are not making firewood on a good mountain: therefore I am off to distant lands: in them my ears tingle. And, as though I were an unworthy man and of little courage and merit, the people of my country despise me. Be it so; for as old age does not permit me to die like a valiant man, with honourable wounds on my breast, given by strong hand; and I must die on my soft and tranquil bed, I therefore wish it may be said that I gave up all boasting, and was freed from the cares and startlings, which the man (usually) carries with him who departs this deceitful life, leaving his children the inheritance of poverty, with a small estate and heavy debts.

Signor Cervantes, if your Honour does not wish to be the spoil of Fortune, make yourself her slave and captive, follow my steps, for they will bring you to a more peaceful death, far from the envy of those who have their tongues more free, more loose, more glib, more unrestrained, and quicker than thought itself to injure us, and even sharper than a knife to cut the throats and writings of others.

I can easily escape now: there is nothing

so difficult as not to be obtained by good management. In escaping from the envious, I shall be able to say, 'He is safe who repiques[42].' They have not flogged me, but given me a cut just across the back. I am all but bewildered in the labyrinth of those calumniators. The life of the loyal man only lasts as long as the traitor pleases. As for you, ye poisonous vipers, people are wont to say: *Al facer in can*[43]. Years enough have you brought me to the yoke, and that too with water up to the throat. I am tired of looking for idleness, and finding it[44]. Wherefore, remembering that old song, which commences thus:

> 'Watchman who the castle watchest,
> Watch it well, about thee look;
> Watching it, myself I lost.'

I go to Mexico in search of Fortune, which up to this time has fled from me; and were I to search for her in this country with a Flemish lantern, I should not find her. And thus it is; because I am old now, and not a youth of good carriage, and have my face adorned with loose hanging skin, this scornful lady keeps out of my sight.

Signor Cervantes, God preserve your Ho-

nour's life many long years, that you may complete the second part of "the clever gentleman, D. Quijote de la Mancha!" The whole world looks and wishes for it, and I, your faithful friend and servant, more than any one. Seville, April 20th, 1607.

MATEO ALEMAN.

NOTES

TO

THE 'SQUIB OR SEARCHFOOT,' AND TO THE LETTER OF MATEO ALEMAN.

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[1] The word Buscapies means in Spanish a fire-work without a stick to it, which when lighted runs along the ground among people's feet. It is metaphorically used to signify what is let slip in conversation, with the object of finding something out.

Cervantes made like use of the word in the defence of his immortal work, when he says (in p. 51): 'and therefore I determined to call this little book Buscapié, in order that they who search for the lame foot of the clever Manchegan,' &c.—(Don Adolfo de Castro.)

[2] It is the custom in Spain for travellers to salute each other when they meet, whatever be their respective rank or station: '*Vaya vmd con Dios!*'—'*quédese vmd con Dios!*' 'May you go with God!'—'may you be with God!' are the expressions commonly used; and they who have travelled much through the lonely plains of Castile, or among the rocky mountains of the Iberian peninsula, know well how delightful it is to meet a human being and hear from his lips those cheering and friendly words.

[3] It is difficult to see what object the bachelor could have in slacking the horse's reins, when he wanted him to go on faster: we can hardly suppose the author used the expression in our sense of 'giving him his head.' Perhaps it may be explained by referring to a practice frequently adopted by persons travelling on horseback in Spain: instead of carrying a whip with them, they sometimes use a bridle, from eighteen inches to two feet longer than is necessary, for the purpose of riding, and make the end of it serve as a lash; our bachelor, however, as the reader will presently see, was provided with a switch.

[4] The expression translated 'your honour' is in the original '*vuestrá merced,*' now contracted into '*usted,*' and usually written '*vmd;*' there is no corresponding term for it in English. The second person in either number is seldom or never used in Spanish, except when one is addressing a relation or very intimate friend, or a menial servant—in fact, '*usted*' in the singular, and '*ustedes,*' written '*vmds,*' in the plural, followed by the verb in the third person, serve in general as a substitute for the second person. But as this usage was probably not so common in Cervantes' time as in the present, we have rendered it 'your honour,' as stated above, conceiving this to be the nearest approach we can make to its real meaning. The translators of Don Quijote generally render it 'your worship.'

[5] 'A sonnet with a couplet added to it.' The original is '*soneto con estrambote.*' In the dictionary

of the Royal Spanish Academy (fol. Madrid, 1843) we read the following definition of the word '*estrambote*' —'a couplet added to the end of any lyrical composition, especially in *seguidillas* or sonnets, to increase their expression, lustre, and pleasantry.'

6 'What an unfortunate year,' &c. 'The stanzas and rhymes which Tamariz composed in praise of the humpbacked, are utterly unknown to me.'—(Don Adolfo Castro.)

7 'The liberality,' &c. The original word '*largueza*' signifies 'length,' as well as 'liberality,'—the author seems to make a pun on the word—we felt half inclined to render it 'bounteous measure,' but hesitated to do so.

8 'This he said,' &c. Cervantes here alludes to the custom which the Spanish physicians had of travelling on mules to visit their patients.—(Don Adolfo de Castro).

D. A. de C. quotes some lines from Tirso de Molina, and some others from a comedy jointly composed by Luis Velez de Guevara, Don Antonio Coello, and Don Francisco de Rojas y Zorrilla, in proof of the custom alluded to.

9 'You should then see,' &c. Fray Vicente de Burgos wrote one of the first books that ever was printed. On its title-page we read these observations: 'A book *de Proprietatibus Rerum* in Romance; a Natural History, wherein the properties of all things are treated of,' &c.

At the end of the work the following words ap-

pear as notes: 'Printed at the noble city of Tholosa, by Henry Meyer of Germany, to the honour of God and of our Lady, and for the benefit of many rude and ignorant persons: it was completed in the year of our Lord 1449, on the 18th of the month of September.'

This species of 'Encyclopædia' was reprinted some years afterwards, according to a copy which I have seen, and which has these words at the end of it: 'Here ends the catholic and very useful book of the Properties of All Things, rendered from the Latin into Romance, by the reverend father Friar Vincente de Burgos, and now newly corrected and printed, in the city of Toledo, at the house of Gaspar de A'vila, book-printer, at the cost and charges of the noble gentleman Joan Thomás Fabio Milanés, resident of Segovia: it was completed on the 10th day of the month of July, 1529.'

As appears from these lines, the book of the Properties of Things was first written in the Latin tongue, and then translated into Spanish by the author himself, and committed a second time to the press, with the object, no doubt, of making it accessible to all.

I have also seen another book, entitled, 'Sum of all the Chronicles in the World,' composed, according to some, by brother Diego de Bérgamo; but according to Gavibay, (in the first volume and ninth book of his History of Spain,) by Filipo Jacobo Bérgamo.

At the end of the work we read these words: 'To

the honour and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the glorious Virgin Mary, the present book, entitled, 'Supplement of all the Chronicles in the World,' was printed in the metropolitan city of Valencia, by Jorge Castilla, and very carefully collated and translated from the Latin and Italian tongue into Spanish, by Narcés Viñoles, &c. It was completed the 11th day of September, in the year of our salvation, 1510.'

To these two books just cited, one a kind of Encyclopædia, and the other, a history of the whole world from the time of the Creation, Cervantes appears to allude, when he says in the Squib: 'You would then see, &c.' (Don Adolfo de Castro).

10 'Go to! make yourselves honey .... make veils.' I doubt whether I have translated these few lines correctly—the meaning of them is obscure, and the construction difficult. Don Adolfo de Castro gives the following note on the words, 'I am a veil-maker, and make veils:' 'Don Francisco de Tvillo y Tiguevoa published at Granada, in the year 1652, at the house of Juan Bolívar, a little work, entitled, "Various poems, heroic, satiric, and amorous," all as if written by himself; but he inserted among them, and appropriated to himself, some short poems of Góngova, not contained in the collection of the latter's verses. The heading of one of these short poems is as follows:

"I am a veil-maker
and sell veils,
and have my box
where the others (have theirs)."'

11 'Who said Rodrigo said noise'—'*Quien dijo Rodrigo dijo ruido.*' The word '*ruy*' or '*rui*' is the short for Rodrigo. The renowned hero of Spain, the Cid Campeador, whose name was Rodrigo Diaz, is generally called the Cid Ruy Diaz; about the 'noise' that he made in the world in his day, there can be no mistake.

12 'I came, I saw, and God conquered.' 'His majesty attributed this famous victory (at the battle commenced on the river Elbe, the 24th of August, 1547) to God,—as a thing given by His hand, and so he gave utterance to those words of Cæsar, (changing the third, as a Christian prince, who knows God's goodness to him, should do): I came and saw, and God conquered.'

We read the above in 'The first Commentary of the very illustrious Signor D. Luis de Avila y Zuñiga, on the German War, in the years 1546 and 1547.' Venice, 1550. Juan Steelsio, Antwerp, 1552. Francisco Marcolini, Venice, 1553.

Founded on this and other allusions to acts of the Emperor, Charles the Fifth, which Cervantes makes in the Buscapié, there has come down to us the erroneous tradition, that in this little work it was announced, that the principal object of the Don Quijote was to censure some incidents in the life of that hero, exactly resembling those which we read in the nonsensical books of knight-errantry. This unfounded idea came afterwards to be more accredited, by means of a letter written by Don Antonio Ruidiaz, placed among the evidences of the Life of Cervantes, which

Don Vicente de los Rios composed by the direction of the Royal Spanish Academy; for the former gentleman said, that in a copy of the Buscapié which he had seen in the possession of the late Count Saceda, which he read many years before and in a very short time, he could only discover a fine and gentle (*paliada*) satire on various persons well known, and of high rank too, of which number were the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and the Duke of Lerma. I doubt whether the copy read by Signor Ruidiaz was printed, and am persuaded, that if he said so in his letter, he allowed himself to be led away, either by involuntary forgetfulness—a thing by no means extraordinary in one who spoke of a thing, which he saw for a few moments many years before—or by the desire of giving more credit to the notices which he was transmitting to Don Vicente de los Rios. Be this as it may, or whatever may be thought most probable, it is certain, that Don Antonio Ruidiaz read the 'Buscapié;' for the allusions in this work to Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second also, clearly prove the assertion of that gentleman. And it might even be said, that Cervantes wished to censure the partiality of those monarchs to affairs of chivalry, when, after speaking of the famous festivals at Bins, he utters these words: 'The Emperor and the Prince Don Philip gave their consent to all of them, and took much pleasure in them; and tell me, your Honour, whether there be no other such madmen in all the universe, as the clever Manchegan, when there are so many, and they too so honoured and favoured by emperors and kings?

But there is as much difference between censuring the partiality of these sovereigns to chivalrous things and the extreme of taking their acts as a model for the purpose of ridiculing them in the Quijote, as there is between heaven and earth. For if otherwise, let those of the contrary opinion declare, what actions in Charles the Fifth's life resemble those of the good Manchegan gentleman? None, indeed; and the discovering allusions where there are none, and amusing the mind with vain conjectures, and stimulating it to the extreme of seeing what does not exist, looks more like boys' play than the occupation of men who desire to hold the position of educated persons.

On the other hand, it cannot be doubted, that in the 'Quijote' there are censures of many practices and abuses which were commonly seen and practised in the time of Cervantes. A very pretty burlesque on the Inquisition is found in the second part of 'the Clever Gentleman,' when Don Quijote and Sancho were taken into custody by the Duke's servants: which men 'kept on saying to them from time to time: *Go on, troglodytes: be silent, barbarians: pay up, cannibals: do not complain, Scythians; nor open your eyes, murderous polyphemi, butchering lions:*' intending thereby to copy the plan which the ministers of that tribunal employed when they captured persons presumed to be guilty, treating them as monsters of iniquity, whose guilt was fully established already. He then describes the act of faith (*él auto de fe*), when Don Quijote and Sancho were brought to the court of the castle, 'round which about a hundred lights placed in their candle-

sticks, and more than five hundred luminaries along the galleries of the court, were burning.' He then goes on to explain the order of the place, and the arrangement of the seats of those who attend the act, and then describes the position of the tribunal, with its semblance of royalty, and together with it the authorities who accompany it. 'On one side,' says he, 'of the court were placed a platform and two chairs, two persons seated (Minos and Rhadamanthus, the judges in hell), who, from having crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands, represented certain kings, real or fictitious. . . . . Two important personages, with a large suite, mounted the platform, the two former of whom Don Quijote immediately recognised as the duke and duchess, his hosts, who seated themselves on two very richly adorned chairs, next to those who represented the kings.' He then censures the cruelty with which the inquisitors treat the accused, threatening them with the gag if they be not silent, or disobey. 'A minister then went across, and coming up to Sancho, threw over him a black buckram robe, painted all over with flames of fire, and taking a hood (*caperuza*) off him, put on him a pasteboard crown, like those worn by persons who have had penance imposed upon them by the Holy Office, and whispered to him not to unseal his lips, for if he did, they would put a gag upon him.' After this he paints the cruel laughter and terror with which the Inquisition inspired the people, by presenting before them the accused dressed in effigy, with sundry puerile hieroglyphics. 'Sancho eyed himself from top to bottom; saw himself

blazing in the flames; but, as they did not burn him, he did not care a farthing about them: he took off the pasteboard crown, saw it painted with devils, put it on again, and said to himself: *All right! neither do the flames burn me, nor the devils carry me away.* Don Quijote too eyed him well, and though fear was on the verge of depriving him of his senses, he did not fail to laugh at seeing Sancho's figure.'

In the remaining part of the resurrection of Altisidora, Cervantes ridicules the fatuity of the judges, who, after the criminal, tired of suffering and in despair, confessed his guilt in order to escape their importunity and cruel torments, applauded themselves, as though they had obtained his conversion. And Cervantes even speaks of the punishment of scourging to which the person was condemned, who by an extorted confession saved himself from being devoured by the flames.

Let him, who would convince himself that Cervantes ridicules the acts of faith in that very witty passage of his book, read the observations on this subject of a learned Spaniard, more famed in foreign lands than his own. I speak of the late Don Antonio Puigblanch, author of the work entitled, *La Inquisicion sin Máscara*, published at Cadiz, 1811, under the name of Natanael Jomtob. [*The Inquisition Unmasked*, by Don Antonio Puigblanch, translated from the author's enlarged copy, by William Walton, Esq., London, 1816.]

Clemencin denies that Cervantes ridiculed the Inquisition, supporting his opinion solely on the very

weak argument, that this celebrated author eulogised the barbarous tribunal in others of his writings. But that he impugns it, there can be no doubt, pourtraying it, as he flatters himself (Chapter LXX.), 'with all its appurtenances so vividly and so correctly, that there is very little difference between them and the reality,' and he likewise directs his aim, with the precise object of painting the inquisitors, in the midst of their studied gravity, as ridiculous as Sancho and Don Quijote. And for that reason, he introduces Cide Hamete Benengeli, whom he pretends to be the first historian of the Quijote, asserting that, 'he, for his part, considers the laughers quite as absurd as those laughed at.' (Don Adolfo de Castro.)

[13] 'I have a superabundant vocabulary,' &c. It is a known fact that the art of teaching the dumb to speak is due to the talent of the Spanish monk, brother Ponce de Leon. (Don Adolfo de Castro.)

Don Adolfo de Castro, in the same note, accuses the Abbé de L'Epée, and others, of arrogance and falsehood, in claiming for themselves the discovery of the art of teaching the dumb to speak, and quotes the title of a treatise on the art, published at Madrid in 1620.

[14] This Doña Oliva, of whom Cervantes speaks, was a great philosopher, and well skilled in Medicine. Her name was Doña Oliva de Nantes Sabuco Barrera, a native and resident of the city of Alcaraz. She published a work, entitled, 'New Philosophy of Human Nature, unknown and unattained by the great philosophers of old: which improves human life and

health.' To her 'New Philosophy,' medicine owes rare anatomical discoveries, and especially that of the nervous fluid. (Don Adolfo de Castro.)

15 'The three Mendozas.' Cervantes here alludes to three brothers Mendoza, Don Diego, Don Antonio, and Don Bernardino.

Don Diego de Mendoza is justly regarded as one of the best poets, historians, novelists, and satirists that have flourished in Spain. His 'History of the War of Granada,' and his 'Lazarillo de Tórmes,' have made him famous in the literary community. He was a great soldier, too, and above all, a great politician.

The brothers of Don Diego were not less famous in the world than he. Don Antonio de Mendoza succeeded Hernan Cortés and the licentiate Luis Ponce in the government of the Mexican empire, and was the first governor who took the title of Viceroy and Captain-general of New Spain. He afterwards went to Peru to discharge the like trust. He wrote a book entitled 'The wonderful things of New Spain.' (See Antonio Leon Pinelo's library).

Don Bernardino de Mendoza was not less famous; he was a great soldier, a great politician, and likewise author of a 'History of the Wars in Flanders.' Id.

16 Madame Passier was a good linguist: she died before she had completed her twentieth year. Her husband then burnt all her papers but one, which he spared at the urgent entreaties of Dr Francisco Garci Lopez: this was entitled 'Moral Letters of

Signor de Narveza,' which she turned from French into Spanish in less than ten days. Grand funeral obsequies, which lasted nine days, were performed at her death, and many funeral orations were delivered in Latin and French; and a great quantity of Latin, French, and Spanish poems were composed on that occasion. (Collected from Don Adolfo de Castro's note).

17 'Said the bachelor.' These words do not occur in the original, but their insertion makes the remainder of the dialogue more intelligible than it would otherwise be: — the *attentive* reader will soon discover that the bachelor is speaking.

18 'The great Emperor finding,' &c. Don Frai Prudencio de Sandoval, in the 'History of Charles the Fifth,' makes mention of the letter written by the Emperor to the Duke of Infantado, and of the latter's answer, but does not give copies of them. Francisco Nuñez de Velasco, a native of the town of Portillo, gives these two letters in his 'Contentious Dialogues between Warfare and Science,' (Valladolid, 1814,) a very scarce work. I here transcribe this passage from the letter of the Duke of Infantado, as it applies to the subject of which Cervantes treats: 'A fine thing it were indeed, Sire, that the King of France should pay you a debt so great, so much spoken of in the world and so well known, by challenging your imperial person. Should this take place, your Majesty would in this way establish a law in your kingdoms, that all acknowledged debts should pass through the stern trial of arms, which would be a sacrifice of blood

rather than a law of mercy and justice. Because it helps my design, I write all this to your Majesty, whom I beseech to rely on me, that if I could catch hold of any thing nearer to the truth, I would inform your Majesty with the fidelity I owe you, for this concerns all the grandees of your realm on the score of their allegiance.' (Don Adolfo de Castro).

[18] 'To be like a gun-carriage,' &c., in the original, '*estav á cureña rasa.*' This expression is used metaphorically to denote want of protection, covering, or shelter: exposure to rain, '*á cureña rasa,*' means exposure to it without a cloak: to sleep '*á cureña rasa*' is, to sleep in the open air. (See Royal Spanish Academy's Dictionary).

[19] The licentiate Juan Arjona, a native of Granada and incumbent of Puente de Pinos, put into Spanish poetry the Latin poem of Publius Statius, entitled 'The Thebaid.' Don Diego de Saavedra Fajardo writes in praise of Arjona and his work the following words, which I have taken from the 'Literary Republic:' 'At this very time lived *Juan de Arjona*, and with much success attempted the translation of Statius, thoroughly entering into its spirit; but being overtaken by death, he left it only begun: in it he displays great natural vigour, following the rules of translation without stooping to details and puerilities.'

This work is unpublished—an old copy of it, which might be considered as the original one, is extant at Cadiz, in the library of my friend Don Joaquin Rubio, a great antiquarian and possessor of many very scarce

books and manuscripts, all Spanish. (Don Adolfo de Castro).

It is, perhaps, necessary to state that, in this speech of the bachelor, I have been obliged to soften down some of the expressions and altogether omit nine or ten lines, in order not to offend the delicacy of English readers. I have also been *occasionally* compelled to do the same in other parts of the work, but *not often*.

[20] Ferdinand and Isabella are emphatically called 'the Catholic Sovereigns,' *los reyes Católicos*.

[20] 'The most fortunate journey,' &c. The work to which Cervantes here alludes, bears this title: 'The most fortunate journey of the very high and mighty Prince Don Philip, son of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Maximus, from Spain to the lands of Lower Germany, with the description of all the States of Brabant and Flanders, written in four books by Juan Cristóval Calvete de Estrella.' Martin Nucio, Antwerp, 1552. (Don Adolfo de Castro).

[21] Antonio Perez. Don Adolfo de Castro says that the misfortunes of this Antonio Perez, who was secretary of King Philip the Second, are so well known that he forbears to relate them—that, unfortunate as he was in life as a politician, his writings shared the same fate after his death—that some of his works published in foreign countries are full of errors—that many of those errors might be corrected by a manuscript in his own possession—that he has, besides this manuscript, four other works of Antonio Perez, likewise in manuscript, in his library; the titles of which

he gives—one of them is a 'Life of Peter the Cruel,' another, 'The Knowledge of Nations,' a third, 'Maxims of Antonio Perez,' and lastly, 'A short Compendium of the Life of Philip the Second.'

22 'Greater heretic than Constantine.' In these words Cervantes seems to allude to a famous Spanish Lutheran, often mentioned in the histories, named Constantino Ponce de la Fuente.

In the sixteenth century there were so many Spanish protestants, and of such consequence, 'that if a delay of two or three months in applying a remedy to this nuisance had taken place, all Spain would have been in flames.' So says Gonzalo de Illescas in his 'History of the Popes.' (Don Adolfo de Castro).

23 'Consider with all the learning,' &c. This is one of the prettiest jests that Cervantes has introduced in the Buscapié. The barristers of those times were foolish, pedantic, stupid, and without good taste. Id.

30 'Offer her cat,' &c. Spanish innkeepers, especially those of La Mancha, have the credit (justly or not I do not pretend to say) of palming off cats upon their guests as hares, when they have an opportunity. Cervantes, whether he believed this or not, *at least adopted a sentiment generally entertained among his countrymen.* One day last January, I was myself dining at the '*mesa redonda*,' or public table, at the Fonda del Cid at Valencia, when a dish, said to contain hare, was handed round to the company: doubting whether it really was such, I ventured to whisper my suspicions to the person sitting next to me, which the waiter overhearing, he said with some

warmth: '*No tenga vmd cuidado, Señor; aquí mas vale un gato que no una liebre*.' i. e. 'Do not be afraid, Sir; here a cat is worth more than a hare:' the expression '*mas vale*' is ambiguous; it may either relate to the market-price of the animal, or it may mean that a cat is better eating than a hare; and our friend the waiter may possibly have intended, by a piece of sarcastic irony, to rebuke what he considered to be extreme fastidiousness on my part.

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31 Matéo Aleman was a native of Seville, and auditor of accounts in the principal office of the Exchequer. In 1608 he went to Mexico, where he published his 'Spanish Orthography,' (1609.) (Don Adolfo de Castro).

32 'Like Uriah's letters.' This was anciently said, to denote those things which, through a person's own fault, brought upon him unfortunate results. Id.

33 'Lived at Bamba,' a phrase to denote any thing dolt-like. Id.

34 'Will be sourish things,' &c. A proverb which signified contempt for those things which, however desirable, could not be obtained. It was taken, no doubt, from the well-known fable of the fox, when, not being able to reach the grapes, she said they were unripe. Id.

36 'A loaf and salad.' This used to be said, to ridicule one who, from penuriousness, could only bring himself to sup on bread and salad.

37 'The game of carteta.' The Dictionary of

the Royal Spanish Academy, on the word '*carteta*,' refers to '*parar*,' which is thus defined: 'A game at cards, played by many persons; he who takes in, drawing a card from the pack, on which the rest stake what they please; and if the former's card turn up first or be a pair, as of king and king, he wins the stake, and loses it, if the betters' card turn up first.' I, for my part, have never seen this game played, at least, not to my knowledge; at any rate, I do not understand it, and am not certain that the expression '*el falso topar*' is properly rendered, 'the unlucky hit.' The word '*topar*' has a great many significations, and if I have made an 'unlucky hit' upon the rendering I have given, I shall be happy to receive the correction you may think proper to give me, dear reader.

38 'Juan de Mena's parsley.' A phrase in common use in the 16th century, to denote things of no value. (Don Adolfo de Castro).

39 'Tuta, the land,' &c. A common proverb at Salamanca, to shew the means of extricating one's self from present troubles. Id.

40 'Salaya's curses.' An expression used to enhance the value of any curses. Id.

41 'The justice of Pevalvillo,' &c. A proverb with which they used to lash those who began to do last that which is generally done first. Id.

42 'He is safe who repiques.' A metaphor taken from the game of piquet.

43 '*Al facer ni can.*' This proverb was used at Salamanca, to denote that some persons are very

careful about bodily things, and very careless about things of importance. (Don Adolfo de Castro).

'*Al facer ni can*,' is one of those expressions that it is impossible to translate.

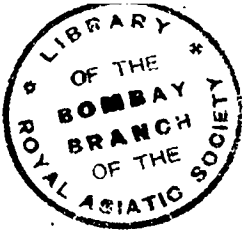
44 'Looking for idleness (*la gandaya*) and finding it.'

"The *gandaya*—it has a look
Like the cresses of the brook:
But I think 'twould be as well
If I were to try and tell
What is meant when people say
He 'has found *la gandaya*.'
It is when a man has no
Occupation high or low,
No employment in his view,
Nothing in the world to do,
Nor a bit of bread to chew.
Then he wanders up and down
Seeking food through all the town;
He is wretched at the night,
Wretched, as at morning light;
So at length, when fairly beat,
Down he tumbles in the street,
Hungry through the live-long day—
Then the people round him say,
'He has found *la gandaya*'."

[Moreto. "The best couple of the twelve."]

(Don Adolfo de Castro).

THE END.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